WILLIAM BRADFORD TURNER

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FOREWORD

To MANY of Bradford's friends it has seemed proper that a brief sketch of his life should be printed, to the end that a career so full of activity and promise should not soon be forgotten. The editor, therefore, has collected the available data, and presents them in this little book, in the hope that thereby the influence of this gallant young soldier may be perpetuated among the boys who follow him at Williams and at Pawling, and his memory cherished among all who are honored to call themselves his friends.

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Early Years

WILLIAM BRADFORD TURNER was born in Dorchester, Mass., Feb. 28, 1893. Through his mother, Abigail A. Quincy, he was a direct descendant of William Bradford, who landed from the *Mayflower* at Plymouth in 1620, and was the first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; also of Dorothy Quincy, the wife of John Hancock, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Through his father, Major William Henry Turner of Rhode Island, he could also look back upon a long line of New England ancestors, the first of the family coming over from England in the year 1630, and many of its later members distinguishing themselves as soldiers in the Colonial Wars, the American Revolution, and the Civil War of 1861–65.

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Carefully brought up in a New England home where were preserved the habits of church-going and of service to the community, Bradford as a young boy gave promise of developing into a valuable citizen. Baptized in St. Mary's Episcopal Church at Dorchester (the same in which Phillips Brooks was confirmed and where he preached his first sermon) he was confirmed by Bishop Potter of New York while a student at Pawling in 1908. After attending local schools, among them the Roxbury Latin School, where he distinguished himself by characteristic faithfulness and devotion to duty, he entered, at the age of fourteen, St. Paul's School at Garden City, N. Y., transferring the next year (1907) to the Pawling School at Pawling, N. Y., founded by the former headmaster of St. Paul's. There he completed his preparation for Williams College, graduating with the class of 1910.

Pawling School

HIS record at Pawling has been admirably summed up by Mr. Horace E. Henderson of the school faculty in these words:

An engaging personality made him a universal favorite from the first, but it was not long before the real qualities of the lad impressed themselves upon his schoolmates, and he gained a place in their esteem and in the esteem of his instructors such as few schoolboys gain; and he never lost it. In his studies he was diligent and rather serious beyond his years. While he was never showy in his work, he was so steady and so ready to respond to mature advice that few Pawling boys ever entered college really better prepared to take up the work there.

Among his comrades he was a natural leader. His leadership, though, did not come from the brilliancy of execution in athletics or in studies that so often makes the leader in the preparatory school. It came rather from the combination so rarely found in boys—the combination of complete sympathy with every sort of clean fun and clean sport, a sane point of view for every phase of schoolboy life, and a steadfastness to do right, no matter what the opposition or the cost. It is not strange that he was recognized as a leader. No one challenged his leadership. The boys who thought only of a good time found him at all times ready for fun—only it must

be clean fun; and the most careless among them respected him all the more. A fellow who got into trouble found in Brad a ready sympathiser, and got good advice—never "goody-goody" talk—for there was a virility in his goodness entirely incompatible with that quality, even in his school-days. Those who were mature enough to think seriously about finer things always found in him a response and an initiative that capped the climax of his leadership.

And so, when he went up to college he left behind him at Pawling a reputation for fineness of character seldom achieved by a schoolboy. The words of one of his schoolmates, himself a fine young chap, well illustrate Brad Turner's standing with those who knew him best:

"If I could be just the sort of fellow I'd like to be, I'd rather be just like Brad Turner than any other fellow I ever knew."

At Williams College

IN SEPTEMBER, 1910, Bradford entered Williams as a freshman. Through previous acquaintance among the students, he had been introduced in the spring of that year to the Kappa Alpha Society, the oldest of the Williams fraternity chapters, and was pledged to its membership at that time. At his entrance, therefore, he was brought into close association with a most delightful fellowship, numbering among its members men of unusual personality and sterling character, whose influence was destined to play a valuable part in the cultivation of the ideals and loyalties of his later years.

The same qualities which had so endeared him to his teachers and schoolmates at Pawling soon made themselves apparent to his friends at Williams. Firmness of purpose, high standards of conduct, a certain obstinacy in maintaining his point of view

(which the boys called "Puritanical") were combined with simplicity and straightforwardness, inborn courtesy and desire to serve others, rare responsiveness to the appeal of friendship and sympathy in a way that bound to him very closely most of those who came to know him well.

In the middle of his freshman year, an attack of appendicitis overtook him. It was house-party time at the fraternity house, and few of Brad's friends realized his condition until they had word that an immediate operation was necessary to save his life. Watched over by one of the boys of his Kap delegation, he was hurried to Albany, the operation was performed, and for some days his life hung in the balance. How well the writer of these lines remembers the shout of joy that went up in the Kap house one evening when a telephone message from Albany told us that Brad had had "the best day yet!" He made a good recovery, and with the hardihood of vigorous youth was playing football in the fall. (I asked him one day if he ever felt any ill effects, when on the football

field, from his hospital experience, and he replied that in one game, where he tackled a runner and was dragged twenty feet, he *did* feel it a little!)

Brad made his "W" in the Amherst game his sophomore year, and was thereafter, until graduation, one of the "anchor men" of the Williams team. The editor of the 1914 class-book offers this just appreciation of the boy and his play:

"His character is clearly shown by his game at fullback. He is slow, but forceful, unrelenting, persistent. He hammers away with all that is in him." How like the Brad of a few years later, hammering his way through the German trenches in that splendid and terrible fight at Ronssoy!

Besides football, Bradford entered heartily into other fields of college life. In his studies, as in everything else, he was serious, self-reliant, and utterly dependable. The seniors at the fraternity house whose duty it was to supervise the curriculum work of the "freshman delegation" had no worries over him. "A consistent 'C' man,"

was the way one professor put it. He played on his class baseball and basketball teams; took part in college dramatics; managed the 1914 annual, the *Gulielmensian;* served on the Honor System Committee; and worked for the Williams Christian Association. In his junior year he was elected a member of the Gargoyle Society, an association of the leading men in Williams undergraduate activities, founded in 1895 and recruited from successive classes. As undergraduate auditor of the accounts of various student organizations he put in some of the hardest, and least appreciated work of his senior year.

In his fraternity home he was early recognized as a man who would take responsibilities, and was chosen for successive posts of duty in the society culminating with that of "head of the house" in his senior year.

Few positions in college life bring with them such opportunities for character building and the development of leadership as that of head of a fraternity chapter. The man who undertakes such an office in a spirit of service, finds his capacity for

sympathy, for guidance, for the upholding of moral and spiritual standards, grow in a surprising manner. He feels himself responsible not only for the welfare of every member of his group, but for the honor and reputation of the organization as a whole, for the maintenance of time-honored traditions, and for handing them on unimpaired.

Personal leadership, breadth of vision and of appreciation, responsiveness of mind and heart, are essential to success in such a position, and Bradford, from the day he entered upon his office, devoted himself heart and soul to realizing its possibilities. What measure of success he attained can be told best by those who worked with him, but it fell to the present narrator to share with him some of the problems of his administration, to observe the manly, simple way in which he met them, and to bear witness to the broadening and deepening effect of the whole experience upon his nature. It was one of the older alumni of the chapter who remarked one evening, as he looked at Brad, "He seems to have been made for the job, doesn't he?"

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In June, 1914, Bradford was graduated with his class, one of the finest Williams has turned out in recent years. His Kap brother and room-mate James Phinney Baxter, 3d, was the valedictorian on Commencement Day.

Out of College

ON JULY 14th Brad sailed for Europe on a vacation trip, with three Williams comrades, "Bob" Gilmore, '11, and "Johnny" Gillette and "Bob" Jewett, '14. The outbreak of the World War, which came while they were in Paris, caused a hurried abandonment of their plans for a Continental tour, and they crossed over to England, where they spent the rest of the summer "seeing the country." Means of transportation were provided by the purchase of a motorcycle equipped with a side-car and a small two-passenger automobile, and in these they started north from London, stopping at various places of interest and losing each other more than once on the road in a series of laughable adventures. Finally reaching Scotland, they spent a couple of weeks at a summer hotel while their conveyances—which had broken down—were being put in running order, then

started anew, getting back into the English lake country when a smash-up of the automobile in which Brad and Bob Gilmore were riding put an end to their itinerary. It was a close call for the boys, but they fortunately escaped without injury. After one or two delightful visits with English friends the party set sail for home, and, in the fall of 1914, Brad settled in Garden City, N. Y., and entered the employ of Thomas & Company, shoe manufacturers, at their factory in Brooklyn.

Having looked forward since childhood to this business opportunity, he had determined to acquaint himself with every detail of the work, and so spent the greater part of the next two years familiarizing himself with the operation of the machinery, gaining acquaintance with the materials, and also learning a good deal about the viewpoint of the factory worker. He further took a course in business administration to better fit himself for the larger duties which it was expected would later devolve upon him. He became of such value to the concern that he was placed in general charge of operation in the summer of 1916.

To the Mexican Border

DURING these busy months, Brad always found time to keep in touch with his college friends, and it was with some of these that, in the fall of 1915, he became a member of the machine gun troop of Squadron A, New York National Guard, and went with them to the Mexican Border in June of the following year. The following account of the adventures of the Troop has been given by "Ned" Shaw (Williams 1913) one of Brad's fellow-troopers, who later rendered gallant service overseas:

We had been training expectantly for the Border campaign all the winter previous, but when the call came, it took us all by surprise. Brad, with most of the other members of the Machine Gun Troop who were Williams men (about fourteen in all) was at Williamstown participating in the fraternity and class reunions usually held at Commencement time. I remember well our joy and excitement when Pitt Mason (Williams '13) broke up our class reunion parade by excitingly waving a telegram and announcing loudly that the

guard had been called out and that we were ordered to report at the armory in New York that night, June 19, 1916, by six o'clock. A great percentage of the men were in the guard and all rushed for the one o'clock train, breaking up entirely the reunion ceremonies. The squadron went into camp at Van Cortlandt Park after a few days' hard work packing in the overcrowded armory. At Van Cortlandt we slept on the ground with as many as fifteen men in one pyramidal tent. Here our shortage of horses was made up by four hundred of the worst outlaws and skates ever assembled, rejects from the Italian Government contract. These screaming, biting brutes caused us several severe casualties and many minor ones. I remember being picked up by Brad one day, after one outlaw had landed a well placed kick on my jaw. It must have been very humorous for the spectators, for when Brad found I was unhurt he rolled on the ground with glee.

We entrained at Yonkers about July 5th for points unknown. Rumor had us assigned to every unlikely point in the United States and its possessions, from Porto Rico to the Philippines, to relieve regular army units. The fact that our train carried us 150 miles due north before bearing westward added a rumor to the others that Alaska was our destination. Our train from Yonkers to Texas was made up of day coaches and open cattle cars; with no cook car for hot food and with little sleep for five nights, one can imagine the hardships of that trip in July weather. We subsisted on cold canned tomatoes mostly and no provision for drinking or washing water in the cars was made. Add to this the night unloading, watering, feeding, and entraining of our wild horses every thirty-six hours, together with the dusty, soot-invested, boiling-hot waterless days, and you have a complete picture of Brad's first traveling experiences in the military service.

To most of us who were later officers, the hardships of that trip and subsequent duties on the Border were never equalled in the hottest action of the World War. These hardships were mostly due to our inexperience, augmented by the complete unpreparedness of our Government in the matter of equipment and transportation facilities. The value to the country in the World War of the lessons learned by all concerned in the Border campaign can never be overestimated. With ninety-two men in our troop, at least ninety became officers in some branch of the service in the World War. Brad's own squad was made up of men who were in no way unworthy of his company and example. Every man of them became an officer within six months after the Border campaign.

When we arrived at McAllen on July 13th, after more than a week en route, we found the heat indescribable. We shall never forget the work of unloading horses, fodder, and equipment under the Texas sun, and making camp. During the six months on the Border our work never let up. We cleared the jungle, pitched our tents, ditched and improved the camp, erected our picket line with frame and canvas shelter overhead, groomed, fed, and watered the stock, cleaned picket lines and equipment, mounted guard, patrolled the river, answered night alarms, chased phantom bandits, *ad infinitum*. Kipling's "Gentlemen Rankers" was our favourite song and it assuaged many a bruised pride. For a crowd of city chaps, soft from our offices, we had certainly taken on plenty of back-breaking manual labor. Brad was a model of tireless good humor and set an example through all the hardships which earned him a reputation for the highest type of soldierly dependability. His sense of humor in all situations was a source of delight to all his friends. His mount was a bay mare, named "Sally," of massive frame, standing sixteen

hands. When mounted on this animal Brad was the picture of a seasoned trooper of the U. S. Cavalry. We left McAllen December 15, 1916, for our return trip, which was the opposite of our trip to the Border. We had a model train of tourist sleepers, with cook car attached. We were royally entertained at Houston, Louisville, Cincinnati, and other cities en route. We arrived at Jersey City on the morning of December 24, 1916, and rode up Fifth Avenue in our triumphal returning parade at four o'clock Christmas Eve. Our troop was mustered out of the service on December 28, 1916, and continued after a month's lapse as a troop in the New York cavalry. Brad was among the first to be offered a commission in the World War, which he accepted April 17, 1917. The fact that he jumped from a private in the cavalry to a lieutenant of the Machine Guns in the Twelfth New York Infantry, and in spite of this sudden rise made such a glorious record during his service with that regiment and subsequently with the 105th Infantry in France, is conclusive proof of the calibre of the man.

Getting Ready For the "Big Job"

LIEUT. "GUS" ROSS, later one of Brad's fellow officers in the 105th Infantry, tells the story from this point up to the landing in France:

It was in April, 1917, that Brad received a second-lieutenant's commission in the 12th N. Y. Inf., N. G., and was discharged from Squadron A, N. G., N. Y. Colonel Foster, of the 12th, assigned him to the Machine Gun Company on account of his experience with these weapons while in the Squadron and he at once became of great help to his company commander, Capt. J. deForrest Junkin, who was very busy at the time recruiting and organizing his company in preparation for the induction of the regiment into Federal service.

It was not until July 15th that we were mustered into Federal service and the few months preceding were spent in feverish preparation for this event. For the most part this work consisted of recruiting the companies from their usual strength of sixty or seventy men to the war strength of 150. Drilling of these new recruits, receiving and issuing of new equipment, inspections, officers' meetings, etc., necessitated our being at the armory several nights a week and occasionally during the day. Of course we were already fighting our future battles in the officers' mess, but I seldom saw Brad there at all as he applied himself very seriously to his company

work, and I came in little contact with him. He impressed me at that time as being very deliberate and dignified, and I recall the serious and painstaking way he saluted—a good military habit which he always kept up.

Upon muster-in we continued our armory work but did our drilling in the large sheep meadow in Central Park and waited impatiently for our orders to move to training camp. These did not come for some time, as the first units of the regiment did not leave until about September 10th, but shortly after that the entire regiment was busy hewing out its camp (the location being a young pine forest) at Camp Wadsworth about three miles west of Spartanburg, S. C. It was just previous to our leaving New York for camp that Brad was transferred from the Machine Gun Company to Company K commanded by Capt. Thomas Barbour, who was a strict disciplinarian and therefore a man after Brad's own heart. Brad was quickly developing into a strong, reliable type of officer, very studious in his book work and firmly resolved to carry out all measures of discipline to the letter whether applying them to those under him or to himself. This became his most dominant trait later on.

For a month after arriving at camp we were all very busy, but happy in the belief that we were building up a good regiment and developing as fine an *esprit de corps* as possessed by any unit in the New York division, when suddenly Old Man Rumor (already hard at work) began saying that when the reorganization of the division took place to conform to the new regulations, the old 12th was to be broken up; the other infantry regiments were to be paired to make the regiments required by the new regulations—and our regiment was to be broken up into many pieces and used to fill up every unit of the new division from infantry to quartermaster corps.

This was one of the few times Old Man Rumor told the

truth, for in the early part of November the changes above described took place. Only a skeleton of the old regiment remained, to be turned into pioneer infantry later. Brad was almost left out of the transfers to the units of the new 27th Division, as Colonel Foster had intended to retain him with one or two other lieutenants selected by him for their ability as part of his nucleus for the new regiment, but a later order directed the transfer of all lieutenants, leaving only the captains and several staff officers. Brad was thereupon transferred to the 108th Infantry with four or five other Twelfth Regiment officers.

The transfers finally made, units and individuals began to settle themselves in their new surroundings. For the units this was easy, merely compliance with orders and hard work on the part of all concerned, but for a good many individuals it was hard getting acclimated and acquainted with new superiors and new methods. It was not long before Brad began to grow dissatisfied with his new regiment and company. His desire to enforce strict discipline and compliance with orders was occasionally thwarted by his new company commander whose ideas and methods were more lax than his. His old company commander in the 12th had always backed his efforts to instil and enforce discipline and carry out orders and regulations exactly, but on several occasions his new company commander failed to apply measures of discipline which Brad knew were necessary for building up a good company.

I had been transferred to the 105th Infantry and after a somewhat similar experience was transferred from my first company to Company M, 3rd Battalion, the company which Brad later helped make famous in the records of the 27th Division in France. We had several vacancies among the lieutenants and my captain said he would like to fill them

with former Twelfth Regiment officers, having been well acquainted with a number of them. The first one I thought of was Brad as I knew he would fill Captain Curtis' requirements as an officer and also knew he would welcome a change from his present regiment; and as we had become quite well acquainted I desired to have him as a tent-mate and comrade. The battalion commander was Major DeKay, an old Twelfth officer, and he at once gave Captain Curtis his approval for the transfer. Now, it was not an easy thing to get transferred simply because you desired to, but Brad went to a former major of the Twelfth who finally found a way to get him transferred, and just a few days before Christmas, 1917, he joined Company M, 105th Infantry.

Our work for the few weeks consisted of routine drilling and manœuvering and studying pamphlets etc., regarding trench warfare, until Company M received orders to move to the newly established Officers' Training School in another part of the camp. Our first duties were to set up the camp and get it ready for the students. This completed and the school open, our duties were to supply the various guard and work details necessary, as the students' time was devoted entirely to their instruction. The working details took only about 50 per cent. of the strength of Company M each day, so that we had sufficient men left to drill and manœuver with and very often we would go out with the student companies in their miniature battles and act as the enemy for them. The school lasted for three months and during a good part of this time conditions were such that Brad had command of the drilling and instructing of Company M, doing it with such thoroughness and efficiency that the company showed up almost as well on the drill field and in manœuvers as the well drilled student companies.

He became quite an authority on drill regulations and I recall his discussions with the senior instructor of the school on questions and interpretations of intricate movements in which he showed how carefully he had studied the "book," as we called the Infantry Drill Regulations. He was very conscientious in the performance of duty, always on time, neatly and properly dressed, and ready for the work to be done. The men under him had a great deal of respect for him as he was always calm and collected, and very exacting in his work with them. While he insisted on a full measure of discipline he was absolutely fair and considerate in his dealings and, indeed, that stern look and those piercing black eyes of his instilled a certain amount of fear in those that came before him for some breach of discipline. Off duty he was the best of tent-mates, always cheerful and good-natured and ready for a good time. Our tent stood on the top of a small eminence and at night with the light shining through the dark red window curtains could be seen from nearly all parts of Camp Wadsworth. On Saturday or Sunday we usually went to town (Spartanburg) to have dinner at the hotel, do some shopping, and meet our friends, but during the week after the day's work was over we liked to sit in our tent in front of the fire, and study and write.

Our orderly, John Ekman, who took care of the tent, helped serve our meals etc., was very faithful and remained with us until after we reached France. John was killed two days after Brad and within several hundred yards of him.

It was shortly before the school closed that Brad and I arranged for the transfer to our company of Lieut. Cary Walradt, another officer of the old Twelfth, and from that time on the three of us were inseparable.

Upon the graduation of the students, which took place in the early part of April, 1917, the school broke up and we re-

joined our regiment, and with the additional restrictions and routine work the wait for the long expected orders to leave for "over there" became more monotonous. When they did come however they were unexpected, as the regiment had just completed a hard two days' hike to the camp rifle range for a week's rifle practice and the following morning received orders to return at once and prepare to leave for an embarkation port—which of course we thought meant New York. This was about April 25th. Then followed days of much excitement and much work incidentally. Old Man Rumor was working harder than ever, but when he began to whisper that we were going to Newport News, Va. and not to our home town to embark he became much discredited, as we could not believe that we were going to lose our last chance to say good-by to those at home. Why, we argued, every division so far has left from New York and surely we will as that is our home town? But when we boarded the train at Camp Wadsworth about May 5th we found that once again Rumor spoke the truth and we were going to Newport News. It was all very secret about where we were going and few of us knew definitely, before boarding the train, that we were not going to New York. Imagine our surprise when, upon reaching Newport News we found many of our folks there waiting for us, the New York papers having published the fact broadcast sometime previous.

We found a pleasant camp there, barracks with cots, running water, electric lights, and other modern conveniences—also, we thought, more doctors than we had ever seen before, as we had to pass through all kinds of examinations the next ten days.

Finally, the day for embarkation came and on May 17th at 12.15 P.M. we left Camp Stuart and marched to Newport News, pier No. 5, and boarded the fine big ship, *President Grant.*

Brad had been detailed to go on board the day previous and locate the quarters of Company M, so that when we marched on board he could take us to our proper places without confusion. This he did and we were located with promptness and dispatch, and then, of course, we piled on deck to look as long as possible at—the shore.

It was not until the morning of the 18th that we started however, and proceeded down the bay, promptly getting on a sand bar and staying there for several hours until pulled off finally by numerous tugs. It was the *President Grant's* first trip out of Newport News and they said it would be her last, as New York was the only port large enough for her to manœuver in—and being good soldiers we growled and said it was just our luck to catch her at Newport News instead of New York.

Almost immediately several other transports joined us, together with a big cruiser and several saucy little destroyers—and before we were out of sight of land we were all looking for periscopes! We started with fine weather and had it most of the trip except for about two days of a hard blow, not a storm by any means, but sufficient to make a number of us wish we were a little nearer the trenches. Exercising, guard, and work details took up a good part of the time, and "abandon ship" drills took up the rest of the day and night—or so it seemed to us after awhile. At "A. S." sounding every man ran to his appointed place near some boat or raft ready to leave in case of the ship sinking. It was interesting at first but when they pulled them off during a meal or when you were sleeping your six hours off between watch, it was inconvenient to say the least. Brad was among those assigned to a raft and not to a boat, and to look at one of those rafts and then at the big waves made you doubt their ability to hold you above water long enough to get your breath.

About the seventh day we had our first "abandon ship" call, as a submarine had been reported on our port side, but it subsequently turned out to be a barrel thrown off by some passing ship. And so the long trip continued with every one in good spirits but impatient to get there. The Sunday before Memorial Day about one o'clock of a beautiful afternoon everybody aboard except those on duty were assembled around a boxing ring amidships watching several bouts between soldiers and sailors when suddenly the "A. S." signal blew, but we were all so engrossed in the match before us that we were slow in starting for our posts and while we were grumbling about having a drill at such an inopportune time, a gun suddenly boomed—which stopped all argument and everybody scrambled to his place alongside his boat or raft. Brad and I were fortunate enough to be on the side of the ship where the submarines really were and we could therefore watch the little torpedo boats tearing around in circles one behind the other and dropping their depth bombs where the periscopes were last seen. Few of us who were not on lookout duty saw the subs but it was very exciting and interesting to watch our torpedo boats while our own ship rapidly changed her course and zig-zagged off in an opposite direction, as did the other eleven transports now in our convoy, and soon we were scattered in all directions. No torpedoes that may have been fired by the enemy struck, but we were informed later that two submarines were officially reported sunk. From this time on and as we were nearing more dangerous water each day we took on extra precautions and again we were attacked in the Bay of Biscay about twenty-four hours before we reached the harbor of Brest. No torpedo reached its mark and there was some doubt whether we had got any subs, so the incident was soon forgotten. We began to sight more vessels and looked eagerly for land but did not sight it

until we looked over the rail the following morning. Great big sausage balloons painted yellow floated overhead looking down into the water for submarines, while little fishing smacks with red sails passed all around us, and the big chalk cliffs of Brest looked dazzling white with the blue sky as a background. We spent a night in the harbor and on Memorial Day the regiment disembarked with the exception of two companies, one of which was Company M. We were left on board to help unload the cargo and as it was to be done at the highest speed, shifts of men were arranged so that the work went on day and night without a stop. Of course, we were all very anxious to see the city and Brad and myself, having become acquainted with the naval commander on board during the trip across, managed to get a trip ashore with him. The very first thing we did was to buy an overseas cap and we thought they looked very funny at first after wearing a wide brimmed campaign hat so long.

Overseas

EARLY in June, 1918, when the transport carrying Bradford and his fellow-soldiers of the 105th landed in France, his first home letters began to come back overseas. After a few weeks devoted to training behind the battle area, the end of July found the regiment in the front line in Flanders, and Brad's letter of the 30th is written from a "hole in the ground—just between the two spots made most historic by this war" (probably Ypres and Mount Kemmel). Cheerful, uncomplaining, and thoroughly boyish withal are these letters from the trenches, written from week to week with conscientious regularity up to a few days before the brilliant but terrible encounter in which he gave his life. "All is well," "everything goes on the same as usual," with never a word of hardship or privation. Even the mire of Flanders is "not as bad as that of South Carolina"—al-

though our correspondent allows himself a moment in which to commend the life of the airman for the privilege it offers of "a good bed to come back to and no living in the mud!" The letter of August 31st tells of an incident which Brad describes as "humorous," consisting of his tying a can to a post in No Man's Land and banging on it with a hammer to draw the Boche's fire—"but he wouldn't fall for it!" Who that knew the boy cannot picture his expression while this performance was going on?

While the necessities of the censorship of course imposed restraint upon Brad's correspondence, it is a question whether his letters would have read very differently had there been no censorship at all. Simple, straightforward, matter-of-fact discourse was of the essence of Brad's nature, and his inmost feelings were not easy of expression. Here is a part of his last letter, dated Sept. 21st, a week before his death:

We are still back of the line having a theoretical rest, but in practice we are chasing about over hills all day and coming back pretty well tired out. I have been in command of the

company for about three weeks and it has kept me fairly busy.

The news is certainly encouraging, and every one is very much pleased with the success of the Americans around St. Mihiel. If the Americans do nothing else, their presence has raised the morale of the Allied armies tremendously. Our own division is getting along well and I hope before long we shall get into a real fight. Everyone must kill at least one Hun before he will have paid for his transportation.

It has been very hot here until recently, when the autumn days started in. We are in a delightful part of the country just now.

If you can arrange to send the pictorials of the *Sunday Times*, *Tribune*, and *Sun* they will be much appreciated. It gives us a chance to see what is going on at home and what the people at home are hearing about the troops over here.

Give my best to everybody at the factory and love to all the family.

Affectionately,

BRAD.

This is the boy as we knew him, in every line—the same young soldier who, a few days later, in the face of fearful odds, led the attack "with gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond all call of duty," made the supreme sacrifice, and by his valor won the supreme recognition from his Government.

In the Day of Battle

ON THE morning of the 27th of September, 1918, came the attack in which Brad lost his life, at the head of a handful of men, surrounded by the enemy after incredible exploits of bravery. It was directed against one of the strongest points of the Hindenburg Line, near Ronssoy, where were the most formidable defences and heaviest concentrations of enemy artillery.

Brad's company, M of the 105th, was composed of New York men largely from the towns and cities along the upper Hudson Valley, and they were assigned, with Company K of the same regiment, to protect the left flank of the 106th Infantry. In the absence of the Captain, Charles R. Whipple of Hoosick Falls, who was at a tactical school, Brad and Lieutenant Rudin were in command. It was not until months afterward that the story of the fight could be put together, for, when the

ground was recovered, not a survivor of Company M could be found. Only when four members, who had been captured by the Germans, had made their way back to the lines at the close of hostilities in November, were the whole circumstances publicly known. The account, as finally given by Captain Whipple in the Troy *Times* of April 17, 1919, is as follows:

It was early in the morning of the 27th of September, Companies M and K of the 105th had been assigned to prevent any flanking operations against the 106th Regiment, which was on our right. The 106th was to attack and Company K was to pivot left on the right of the British line and M was to pivot left on the right of Company K and to secure contact with the left of the 106th when that regiment had obtained its objective.

Just as M had effected a juncture with K to start, a Boche rocket went up, lighting the scene, disclosing the movement. The men ducked and a machine barrage was put down upon them. It was "nasty," but failed its purpose, and when the barrage had ended the lines were reformed. Lieutenants Rudin and Turner were in command of Company M. For some reason or other the 106th Regiment, instead of going straight forward, crowded off to the right, and was badly shot to pieces.

Despite its serious losses Company K swung on its pivot and into position. Company M marched to its wheeling position. Lieutenant Rudin, who had charge of the left,

was killed before the movement was executed; he dropped as he was leading his men, holding one of the small trench shovels in his hand, using that implement as a sword. Sergeant Wright was also killed, just at the spot where Lieutenant Rudin fell. Sergeant Hamilton took command and led the men to their objective—thereby winning a much-coveted D. S. C. This portion of the company was so depleted that Sergeant Hamilton did not know what to do about the flank movement, so they dug in and remained there. Scouts were sent out to find out where Company K was, so that the men could hook up with its right.

The right half of Company M under Lieutenant Turner never stopped. They advanced under a severe bombing. Lieutenant Turner was wounded, but he refused to retire. Then this half of the company divided, Lieutenant Turner, with about thirty men, being on the right and the other half, under Sergeant Dahms, with Corporal Flynn as second in command, advanced about 200 yards, driving the Germans out of their trenches in a way that put the fear of the Sammy in the heart of Jerry. They arrived finally at the post designated and dug in, and three runners were sent back for aid. The platoon waited a long time, but heard nothing. Dahms thought that each of the messengers had been shot. Finally —and in desperation, for the position was a very dangerous one—Corporal White of Valley Falls was detailed as the fourth runner. He was given orders that he must not fail, that he had to take the word back which would bring reenforcements up.

He began his very perilous mission. Dodging into shell holes, he finally reached a trench in which he saw six or eight Boches. Just at the same time he noticed another Yankee—who he was I was never able to learn—and after each had satisfied the other that he was a Yank, the two combined

forces and they covered the Germans in the trench with their rifles. The Boche called out "*Kamerad*," meaning surrender, and then, to the surprise of both the Yankees, there suddenly appeared, apparently from nowhere, about sixty other Germans, all of them surrendering, as did their six comrades. These latter evidently had been sitting upon the edges of a dugout, and the entire crowd quit, thinking that a large force of Americans was upon them. Just as the men came out of the trench one of the Boche stooped. Corporal White did not want to take any chance; he shot the man, and this inspired the others with proper respect. Just at this time Corporals Yerenton and Rosebrook, of Hoosick Falls, both members of Company M, came along. Both had been wounded and were going back to receive medical treatment. Corporal White turned the prisoners over to the wounded men and they were thus taken back.

Corporal White then discovered a movement on the right and he investigated and found Lieutenant Cipperly of Troy, who was with Company L, and who had been ordered to form the men on the main line. Word to this effect was sent to Sergeant Dahms, and Lieutenants Cipperly and Slayton then took charge and the line was formed.

Now comes the thrilling portion of the whole fight, so far as M Company is concerned, the tale of the lost platoon. This was composed of thirty men and was commanded by Lieutenant Turner. They had advanced, as said, and had gone about twenty yards and were close to the broad belt of Boche wire entanglements when a machine gun nest opened upon them at very close range. If you can discover the flash of a machine gun in the first or second shot you can locate the gun; otherwise it is impossible to tell where it is. Fortunately Lieutenant Turner did see the flash. The gun was near him and he leaped at it and singlehanded he killed the outpost

and the two gunners before his men arrived. Then a machine gun opened up on the left and Lieutenant Turner got the outpost, but the others got the two men who operated the gun. Then they reached the first trench.

This was filled with Germans; in fact, so full was it that while Lieutenant Turner was shooting with his revolver in his left hand he swung his right at a man who attempted to stab him on his right and landed on his jaw, knocking the German down. Mr. Turner was a very powerful athlete, having been a Williams College football player. In a second he had assistance from Private Zert of Ellenville, who jumped down into the trench, bayoneted the German whom Lieutenant Turner had knocked down, and the two men, back to back, cleaned out the trench with bombs. Then the platoon had a respite.

But the rest was very short. The men climbed out of the trench and went for the second line, the support trench. The resistance was not nearly so fierce as that which they had encountered, but there was a lot of heavy and serious fighting just the same, and the men became separated into groups. While going from the second to the third line of trenches Corporal Ganung of Ossining went "west" as he was leading a group of men forward. Then Private Ray Bennett jumped into the lead and called, "Come on boys," and he dropped just where Corporal Ganung was shot. The advance was too fierce for the Boches, who deserted their guns and retreated. And the boys gained the third trench. Here they were reorganized and took time to "get their wind." Under Lieutenant Turner's orders they began "rapid fire" with rifles which they picked up in the trench, some of the British Enfield rifles being able to shoot as many as thirty shots per minute.

While the affray was going on Lieutenant Turner turned to Private Zert and said, "How many did you get?"

"Fourteen," Zert replied between shots.

"Well, I can go you one better," Turner declared. "I got fifteen."

Then they started for the fourth trench. That objective was almost on top of the knoll and they actually reached that trench which Lieutenant Turner considered was the objective. That is, some of the thirty reached it—nine, to be exact, out of the thirty which had started—Corporal Gill of Hoosick Falls, Taylor of Johnsonville, and Privates Neary of Poughkeepsie, Zert of Ellenville, Story of New York, North of Poughkeepsie, Reich and Denninger of Brooklyn, and Doran of Salisbury, and Lieutenant Turner.

After organizing again Lieutenant Turner sought contact on the right, but he found nothing but Boche machine gunners; also on the left and in front of him, very near, too, were plenty of them and even behind the Boche were falling in as the overlooked ones do after a battle sometimes. Lieutenant Turner saw that there was only one thing to do. "We can't hold this position; we have got to go back," he told his men. So they looked down the incline up which they had fought their way so successfully to see where the most advantageous retreat could be made so that they could get back, secure reënforcements that they might come forward again, Lieutenant Turner having learned the ground and the platoon having cleaned up the established fortifications. Private Connolly had already been sent back from the third trench, but he was killed just as he reached Sergeant Dahms' men and had delivered his message. Dahms was practically helpless, so he could do nothing.

The plight of the fourth platoon was certainly pitiful and Lieutenant Turner realized the seriousness of the position. At length he located a way by which he thought he could retreat and the men filed along the trench to reach it. It was

necessary to pass by a place where the trench had been 'bashed in' from a shell and it lay exposed to the fire of the enemy. When Corporal Taylor reached the spot he was shot, and this was the fate of Private Neary, who was just behind. The others profited by this and managed to cross the trench and finally they reached the spot that Lieutenant Turner thought was safe. He looked over the trench to take a view of the situation and he fell with a bullet through his head. For his wonderful work he was voted a posthumous Congressional Medal.

Lieutenant Ross gives us this short account of his last glimpse of Brad before the battle, and of the finding of his body:

On September 25th and 26th the battalion was making feverish preparations for its attack on September 27th. All four companies were commanded by lieutenants as we had no captains present for duty at the time. Brad was in command of Company M. He made all his preparations with the utmost care, working without rest, constantly looking out that his men were receiving all the supplies and rations etc., that they should need. The last note which he wrote before his death—as I believe—was sent to me as acting battalion adjutant on the afternoon of September 26th, and read as follows: "Please let me know if we can have some water? The men have had none since yesterday."

I saw him alive for the last time that evening as I was safe in a deep dugout when Company M went over the top the next morning. The attack once started and the wounded drifting back I made constant inquiries as to Brad and Lieut.

John Rudin, the only other officer then on duty with Company M. I received fairly definite information that Lieut. Rudin had been killed but the reports concerning Brad were conflicting and it finally developed that no men had come back who had gone forward with the part of Company M with which Brad made his wonderful advance.

All that day and the next we tried to get information as to him but could find out nothing. On the morning of September 29th, we again went over the top and about 9 o'clock the men of Company M halted in a trench deep into the enemy's fortifications and there found Brad.

I came along just about that time from a position in front with an Australian artillery liaison officer on a reconnoitering patrol and found Brad to the left of the position occupied by Company M and between them and a small detachment of British soldiers who had also participated in the attack that morning. He lay face down with a German a few feet away from him and two men of Company M lay just beyond them. His pistol and other equipment had been taken from him by the Boche sometime in the interval between our two attacks. A few hours later this trench became the front line of the division on its left flank as we had to withdraw from the position we held early in the morning in advance of it.

In other words, Brad and the few men of Company M he carried with him on the 27th, which was only a preliminary attack of one regiment and the two companies of our battalion, advanced as far as the entire division did on the 29th with its more intensive preparations and more powerful barrage. That he and the men with him fought like demons against great odds, carrying on although surrounded on all sides and far beyond their nearest comrades, goes without saying, but the stories told by the few survivors give the

credit to Brad, for it was his leadership, his giant courage, that set an example for those that were following him, for he was always in the front plunging forward regardless of his wounds and roaring shouts of defiance at the enemy, using not only pistol, rifle, and hand grenade but—at least in one instance—his fists. After finding Brad I had to proceed with my patrol but on my return and during the two days and nights we occupied the position I used every effort to get him carried back to the rear but it was impossible as we could not even get our own wounded out—and we had to consider them first.

Brad's body lies buried in the American Military Cemetery at Bony-sur-Aisne (Grave No. 108, Plot F, Row 5) not very far from the spot where he fell, and is marked by a cross bearing his name and military rating. As a fitting epitaph might be quoted the words of Lieutenant Ross, his fellow officer and devoted friend (one of the group of four who called themselves "the happy family" of the 105th):

HE DID NOT KNOW FEAR, AND GIVEN A JOB TO DO, HE WOULD STICK TO IT TO THE END.

The Reward of Honor

MONTHS after the Armistice had put an end to the fighting, when our young men were returning to the ways of peace again, came the news that the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest military decoration in the gift of the United States Government, had been posthumously awarded to Brad for his fight at Ronssoy. Seventy-eight of these medals were awarded in all (one for every 15,400 American soldiers who were in action), and among those receiving them was one other graduate of Williams College, Colonel Charles W. Whittlesey of the "Lost Battalion."

The official notification of the award came to Brad's mother at Dorchester, in the following form:

HEADQUARTERS NEW YORK DIVISION, U. S. ARMY.

May 1st, 1919.

Mrs. William Turner,
25 Hinkley St.,
Dorchester, Mass.

My dear Mrs. Turner:-

It must be a source of some consolation to you in connection with the death of your gallant son, who lost his life

VALOR

in the service of his country near Ronssoy, France, on September 27th last, to know that he has been posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor, for his conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity, above and beyond all call of duty, in action against the enemy in the Battle of the Hindenburg Line, near Ronssoy, France, September 27, 1918.

I take this occasion to express to you my deepest sympathy for the loss of so gallant a son and my congratulations for being the mother of a soldier whose service in war to his country was of such extraordinary character.

Very truly yours,

JOHN F. O'RYAN.
Major-General

HEADQUARTERS NEW YORK DIVISION

Room 829 Municipal Bldg.,
New York City

May 2, 1919.

MRS. WM. TURNER,
25 Hinkley St.,
Dorchester, Mass.

MY DEAR MRS. TURNER:-

General O'Ryan has directed me to communicate with you and request that you forward to these headquarters, the record of service of your gallant son 1st Lieut. Wm. B. Turner.

Kindly let me know his date of enlistment, organization, when and where commissioned, etc., if you have the information at hand.

Very truly yours,

JAMES A. WALSH,
2nd Lt. A. G D.

WILLIAM BRADFORD TURNER

The citation reads as follows:

Turner, William B., First Lieutenant, 105th Infantry, 27th Division, Dorchester, Mass. Ronssoy, France, Sept. 27th, 1918. He led a small group of men to the attack, under terrific artillery and machine gun fire, after they had become separated from the rest of the company in the darkness. Single-handed he rushed an enemy machine gun which had suddenly opened fire on his group and killed the crew with his pistol. He then pressed forward to another machine gun post 25 yards away and had killed one gunner himself by the time the remainder of his detachment arrived and put the gun out of action. With the utmost bravery he continued to lead his men over three lines of hostile trenches, cleaning up each one as they advanced, regardless of the fact that he had been wounded three times, and killed several of the enemy in hand-to-hand encounters. After his pistol ammunition was exhausted, this gallant officer seized the rifle of a dead soldier, bayoneted several members of a machine gun crew, and shot the others. Upon reaching the fourth line trench, which was his objective, Lieutenant Turner captured it with nine men remaining in his group, and resisted a hostile counter-attack until he was finally surrounded and killed.

The ceremony of presentation of the medal took place at Mrs. Turner's home, 25 Hinkley Street, Dorchester, on May 24, 1919, being in private because of the state of her health and her desire to avoid ostentation. Colonel Albert S. Williams, Chief of Staff of the Department of the Northeast, delivered the medal.

In Memoriam

WITH the desire of perpetuating Bradford's name and influence at his school and college, members of his family have established both at Pawling and Williams fitting memorials of him.

At Williams two prizes, of $150 each, have been planned, to be awarded annually, and to be known as the William Bradford Turner prizes. One will be given for the best essay in the field of American History and Institutions, open to those students who have completed the necessary courses offered in these subjects by the college curriculum; the other to that member of the graduating class, who, in the judgment of the faculty and of his class-mates, shall have best fulfilled during his course his obligations to his college, his fellow-students and himself.

To Pawling a generous fund has been given, whose income is to be annually expended in the purchase

of books, to form the William Bradford Turner Library. It is planned to convert the present assembly room of the school to library uses, and a memorial tablet has been placed there, also the gift of the Turner family, with this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM BRADFORD TURNER
FIRST LIEUTENANT 105TH INFANTRY A E F
BORN AT DORCHESTER MASS.
A STUDENT OF THIS SCHOOL FOR THREE
YEARS, GRADUATED WITH HONORS IN 1910
OF FINE CHARACTER AND SPLENDID PROMISE
A GOOD ATHLETE
GRADUATED FROM WILLIAMS WITH THE
CLASS OF 1914, SERVED WITH SQUADRON A ON
MEXICAN BORDER DURING 1916
SAILED FOR FRANCE MAY 1918
KILLED IN BATTLE OF HINDENBURG LINE
NEAR RONSSOY ON SEPTEMBER 27
IN HIS 26TH YEAR
AWARDED BY CONGRESS
MEDAL OF HONOR
FOR CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY AND INTREPIDITY
ABOVE AND BEYOND ALL CALL OF DUTY
"IF WE ARE PREPARED TO DIE, WE CAN GO FORWARD"*

In Dorchester, Bradford's birthplace, his memory is honored by the renaming of one of the city

*The words of the last line on the tablet were among the last Brad spoke before going "over the top" on the 27th of September.

squares, which will hereafter be known as William Bradford Turner Square.

In Garden City, where he made his home after leaving college and until he began his military service, the local post of the American Legion has chosen to be called by his name, "not only in commemoration of his bravery and sacrifice, but also as evidence of the affection and esteem in which he was always held by his boyhood comrades."

In acknowledging the gift to Pawling School, Doctor Gamage, the principal, speaks of Brad as the "one boy whose life meant perhaps more to the school than that of any other graduate;" while the following letters from Mr. Henderson, Secretary of the Trustees, give further expression to the regard in which Bradford was held at the school:

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
PAWLING SCHOOL
PAWLING, N. Y.

Your favor of recent date, announcing the most generous gift which your family proposes as a memorial to the late William Bradford Turner, of the class of 1910, is at hand.

Formal expression of our appreciation of your generosity and the shape in which it appears would be but feeble and un-

satisfactory. We beg you to be assured of that appreciation but in addition, we desire you to know with what mingled feelings of satisfaction and sorrow we accept the memorial of one who was so beloved and esteemed by those of us who knew him so well.

Very sincerely,
HORACE E. HENDERSON,
May 28th, 1919. Secretary of the Trustees of Pawling School

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
PAWLING SCHOOL
PAWLING, N. Y..

The inclosed is "official"—the formal response of the Secretary to your letter. Besides this, I simply must add a few words of a personal nature, for it seldom happens that such strong bonds of personal affection exist between master and pupil as existed between Brad and the four of us who knew him so intimately through his boyhood and early manhood.

No words of mine can express the affection and admiration that we hold for him. I will not try to express what we feel; you know just what I mean, I am sure. To us, more than to anybody else, there will be a constant reminder of his splendid character in the "William Bradford Turner Library," and the perpetuation of his true manhood will make for development of real manly character as long as the Pawling School lasts.

I am sure, too, that your choice of the form in which you put the memorial is a happy one. He loved fine things; he appreciated good books; it certainly is appropriate.

Very sincerely,
HORACE E. HENDERSON.
May 28th, 1919.

The Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Williams College, Mr. Hoyt, pays this tribute in a letter of thanks for the prizes endowed by the family:

I cannot think of anything which you could have done my dear sir, which would be more in accord with your brother's life here at Williams than this action on your part. I knew him well and always admired him as one of the best men in the institution. The circumstances attending his death were typical of his life and character here in the college. I am quite sure that had such a prize as the one which you propose to establish (to be given to the member of the graduating class who best fulfils his obligations during his college life to his college, his fellows, and himself) been in existence at the time Bradford left Williams, it would have been awarded to him.

From the Kappa Alpha Society of Williams College, with which Bradford's association was most intimate and heartfelt, have come many tributes of affection. His college chum, James Phinney Baxter, 3d, says in a letter:

I lived with him as a room-mate for three years, loved him, and learned from him much to make me a better man. He was unquestionably the finest man Kappa Alpha had in the seven classes we knew while in college, and the Society which he honored in his life and in his death mourns for a great loss.

WILLIAM BRADFORD TURNER

The following letter was received from the Kappa Alpha Lodge at Williamstown:

My dear Mr. Turner:

It was with the greatest sorrow that we learned of the death in action of our beloved brother, and the members of the Kappa Alpha Society beg me to extend to you their heartfelt sympathy for your loss.

To those of us who were fortunte enough to have met Brad during his occasional visits to Williamstown, his death comes as an additional blow. His interest in the welfare of the Society has ever been a vital factor in the success of the Society. In losing him, we feel that we have lost one of our most devoted and loyal friends. We again extend to you our sympathy for our common loss.

Very sincerely,
Arnold Dessau
For the Society.

January 3rd, 1919.

Tributes

IN THE list of boys who have brought honor to Pawling School by their character and achievement, none stands higher than William Bradford Turner. In the schoolboy that we knew so well the qualities that were to endear him to so many friends were already apparent; the engaging personality, the clearness of vision, the steadfastness of purpose. We who now count it a blessed privilege to have had him in our care loved him for his sweet, manly disposition. I never knew a boy of his years who had so keen a sense of what was right, nor one who had a stiffer determination to do what he saw to be right. That quiet, sympathetic twinkle of his eye could change to a steel-like flash that bespoke a firmness and a power of character that fairly made us wonder, in one so young.

In the years that passed after he left Pawling—years so pitiably few—it was our good fortune to

keep in close touch with him, and to note the steady development of the boy into the man he had promised to be.

When the sad tidings came that autumn day, my very heart was numbed; then came the thought of the lines he and I had read together and both had loved:

> "Had he his hurts before?"
> "Ay, on the front."
> "Why then, God's soldier be he!
> Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
> I would not wish them to a fairer death."

He gave his life for what he had lived for—the right.

HORACE E. HENDERSON

IN MY years of close association with college life I have known hundreds of young men, drawn from the best sort of American families, and associated for training and study under conditions calculated to bring out much that is finest in our young manhood of to-day; and among all these are some that I have known very well indeed; but none of them has come nearer to my heart than Bradford Turner.

This was not so because of any touch of senti-

mentalism in myself, but because of an indefinable but strongly appealing quality that others felt as well as I, for it was a vital part of the boy's nature. I saw much of him in his college days. I admired his steadiness and resolution, enjoyed his boyish humor, shared some of his troubles with him, and loved him sincerely.

I can see him sitting on the side lines in the last quarter of the Amherst game of 1911—a hard-working "sub," watching man after man go into the play and wondering if he were to get his chance, and his college letter. Only a few minutes more to go, when the coach calls "Turner," and in goes Brad, with that happy smile that had grit and determination behind it.

I can see him again, propped up in bed in the hospital after his operation. "He had a close call," says the attendant, "but he's all right now." And I found him so. "Why, hello, Tibbie (this was a nickname of mine, and there were only twenty-five years between us). "I'm mighty glad to see you!" And then he proceeded to get "caught up" on college and fraternity matters,

with that admirable loyalty, enthusiasm, and unselfish consideration for others which marked him through life.

One more picture of Brad flashes across my memory as I am writing. The scene is Weston Field, and Brad has been playing fullback through a grueling game, which is nearly over. He is almost "all in," and it is harder and harder to get to his feet after each desperate tackle; but he is there to stop every man of the opposing side who breaks through the lines of defence with the ball, and he is doing it.

But, suddenly, my thought leaps over four years. The football field vanishes, and in its place I see the formidable defences of the Hindenburg Line. Brad is leading an attack with incredible valor. Trench after trench is taken. Wounded himself, with his men falling around him, he staggers on until he reaches his objective. "Given a job to do, he would stick to it to the end!"

Brave, steadfast, lovable boy, may the inspiration of your life and the glorious memory of your honorable death stay long with us who knew you

on earth and who hope, with a confidence born of our faith, to meet you in a brighter world!

TALCOTT MINER BANKS.

SEVERAL of us were talking over the old days a short time ago and the subject of Brad came up. It was odd to hear the men, who had fought with him and who, in the days in France, were his staunchest supporters and admirers, go back to his first days with the Company and tell how soundly they used to dislike him and how they used to curse him out, under their breath (for it must be stated candidly, that at first, in fact almost up until they reached France, the men did not like Brad). They did not hate him, because he always knew what he was talking about and demanded nothing but what he was justified in demanding, and pushed the men to go no limits he would not go himself. But they did not like him, because he was a stickler for the minutest detail, demanding absolute, full, and instant compliance with every order, rule or regulation and the rebuke or punishment meted out by him was considered,

for a time, by the men as far too heavy for the offense.

Brad was used to handling, in the old 12th Regiment, the New York gangsters, which these men were not. These men were accustomed to officers who, while just as strict as Brad, knew them and gave them a little more consideration. Meanwhile the Company, already with an enviable record, surpassed all its previous accomplishments and standards for soldierly bearing and performance.

As acquaintance ripened, on the hike and in manœuvers and the like, the dislike began to disappear, especially when it was Brad who inspected and dressed the aching feet at the end of a hike, Brad who chased and swore until the food and water appeared, Brad who saw that the Company did not get more than its share of details to furnish, all this and everything else for the men's comfort done before his own tired feet or aching body were given consideration.

On the boat going over, with little demand on the men and much to do for them, and much time

spent among and with them I think they got to understand Brad and he them. For when they landed and had been marched to their camp, it was Brad who insisted on the maximum of liberty and good times, at the same time putting it up to the men to conduct themselves so that future liberties would be warranted.

When we landed at Brest our troubles began, water at a premium, food scarce, and of equipment nothing at all. We were sent up to Noyelles near the mouth of the Somme, stripped of everything we had brought over except what we had on our backs, put on British rations and given British kitchens and shoved as isolated companies into our first billets near Abbeville.

This was our most critical time and how Brad did rant and rave and work! The main question in his mind was not what the men were to do but what could he do for the men. The British rations and the British kitchens and the British methods are good and adequate when you are used to them, but they looked more like a catastrophe than anything just then.

All this was just the beginning. Everything after that seemed to be (with Brad), what could he do for the men, was it to make them comfortable, to get what they needed, or to give them a good time? Even training took on this aspect. The best trained men had the best chance. Every bit of knowledge or information he could get, at schools and by study and by his own trips of observation in the front lines with the British was gotten and imparted with the thought of his men in mind. You, you, and you must get this and remember it, for your life may depend on it. His was the chief influence that overruled (in our battalion) the habitual conservation in the use of ammunition so prevalent in the old days of the army. He borrowed, begged, and stole ammunition, and any man who did not know how to handle his rifle or Lewis gun could not blame it on Brad.

This attitude couldn't help but awaken a similar attitude and feeling in the men, both in their personal feelings toward Brad and in the way they performed their duties.

I have seen men who have had their six or eight hours in a day under Brad's instruction on the Lewis gun, come in and put two or three more on it, sometimes working by candle light, learning parts and practising the handling of the gun.

By the time we were ready for the line in the latter part of July, there was not an officer in the division more admired, respected and loved by the men who came under him than Brad, and there were few if any who showed the thought and love for their men that he did.

In the line at Dickebusch, just south of Ypres, he had the right of the company sector, incidentally the most dangerous and treacherous bit in our front. Not only did I, as his commander, have to give no thought and only casual inspection to his part of the sector, but he kept me busy trying to get the things he wanted for his men. He tried nothing fool-hardy or risky, but managed to obtain and send in the fullest and most comprehensive reports on enemy activity that came back on the whole battalion front. He never got excited, always was calm and drawled as much if he

was ducking a shell as he would in telling of it afterward.

I remember the great glee with which he told of the best time he had ever had, of how he crawled out at dusk to a shell hole under the wire, and how he hung a tin can on the wire and whanged the devil out of it, to draw Jerry's attention, while further up the line a patrol started out. The thought of the fools firing at him and the ridiculousness of the situation, that a grown man should be sitting there banging a tin can, struck him as much more humorous than it did any of the rest of us.

That experience in the lines taught the men still more about Brad, mainly that he was afraid of nothing and that he was not fool-hardy or reckless, either with his own life or theirs. It was about the last thing needed to bind his men so strongly to him, that they would follow him anyhow or anywhere.

When we were relieved at the front line and taken back to support, I was sent to school and Brad was put in command of the company, with the remark to me by the Major, that I could be

most easily spared as I had the best officer in the outfit to leave in command.

Brad commanded through the stunt two days later, when Mount Kemmel was evacuated, and through the period of training that followed in Doullens, and it was in no small part due to his work at this time that the company was in such good shape for the big fight which broke the Hindenburg Line.

When this time came on that fatal day in September, the devotion of his men was proven, they would follow him anywhere and they did. They followed him, fighting like demons, yet with all the art, the cunning, the science, that he had instilled in them, they followed him to their death. He was in command of the company, but when the line withered and was broken what more glorious, what greater tribute could have been paid him than that it was his own platoon that went on to death with him.

When the news of his death came back, Lieutenant Ross his closest and most constant companion, was acting battalion adjutant. Gus, as we called

Lieutenant Ross, seemed from that moment to lose his head, to see red. He left his post and gathering a mere handful started for Brad. Fighting madly, he bombed out or rushed, almost bare handed, often all alone, machine gun after machine gun of the enemy, seeming to bear an enchanted life and by his very fury to drive all before him, but it could not be. There were too many Boche between him and Brad, he had to be stopped, there was other great need for him and Brad was dead. To others Gus was a hero, did wonderful, brave things, to himself he was a miserable failure because he had not reached Brad. The facts are rather that he was a mad man, driven temporarily crazy by the thought of Brad "out there" and the detestable Boche that were responsible. That gives a little idea of what his fellow officers thought of Brad.

It brings again to our ears that slow drawl that cursed us out, bucked us up, or with that delightful ever present sense of humor he had, made us laugh even if shells were breaking close.

It brings again the thought of our happy days in

rest billets, our trips on pleasure bent to St. Omer, Cassell, and Calais.

It brings less happy memories of tedious hikes over shell torn roads, and comfortless nights in wet bivouacs, where nothing but Brad's never failing humor made things livable.

It brings too, the recollection of the silent marches at night with gas masks on and shells breaking around, as we filed up to and into the trenches in Belgium; the stocky, stolid, silent figure here, there, and everywhere along the line, a pillar of strength, encouragement, and comfort to us all.

But all the memories—with the horrors and hardships paled now by time—of the happiness and joy of comradeship, lead only to one end. They bring a pang to the heart. They make fresh the sorrow and but renew the greatness of our loss. Brad is gone, as we know he was glad to go. We loved him. We ought to be glad that he did a difficult job well. We ought to and do take pride in his achievement and his sacrifice but it is hard, for we miss him and shall, I guess, to the end of our days.

CHARLES R. WHIPPLE.

Conclusion

IT IS late afternoon of Sunday in Commencement week at Williamstown. The spacious and beautiful living room of the Kappa Alpha Lodge is flooded with golden light from the westering sun, as the members of the Society, old and young, gather for the time-hallowed "Sunday Night Meeting." For more than fifty years the Society has met together at this hour of the first day of the week for a short service, and of late the Commencement meeting has been devoted to the memory of those who have gone from the fellowship during the year. On the high mantel spanning the fireplace, framed together, stand the photographs of the four Williams Kaps who gave their lives in the World War.

A hymn is sung—"Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand"—the leader reads a short scripture lesson, and then in turn, repeats the name and recounts the record of each of the departed brothers

—one who met his death in mid-air, one who succumbed to disease, one who was struck by a shell while giving surgical aid to the wounded in the front line, and one who, storming trench after trench with indomitable valor, fell at last surrounded by the enemy.

In the quiet of that evening hour tributes of affection and of praise come to the lips of comrades. All that these brothers meant to their friends, all that their memory means to the venerable Society to which they belonged, here finds expression.

At length a young captain, one who knew and loved Brad from his college days, speaks:

"A man's life is like the painting of a picture. Each of us begins to paint his own. To some it is given to carry it to completion, for others the work is cut short. We who are young know not yet how our pictures will look when they are done—perhaps we may not live to see them through—but with Brad the work of his life is complete. He finished his picture."

THE END

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